TO THE

LADIES of ST. ANNE's PARISH.

DUBLIN, *12th November*, 1783.

TO add to your Luxury; to promote Love and Charity, by increaſing the Number of Children, induces me to ſubmit the annexed Thoughts (in which there are many Tautologies) to your Conſideration. The Flame might ſpread from this rich Pariſh.—TIME, one Evening in ſeven (from Cards), might remove every juſt Complaint and Evil. Ought there to be

"An helpleſs Babe, clinging to a *famiſhed* Mother's Breaſt?"

THINK.—Be further partially charitable, by forming only TWO Day-Schools.

LONDON, *19th June*, 1783.

MR. PRINTER,

I LOVE Chriſtians of every Claſs who can reſign Pride and poſſeſs Love, with Juſtice and Gratitude. Indeed I love ALL. O infinite Bounty! how I ſhould have hated ALL, but for Thy Bequeſts!

I ſhould be glad to learn thro' your Houſe, or the Channel of your Paper, from ſome Chriſtian, why thoſe of all Ages have fed on His Bounty with a rapturous Gratitude, when they could daily ſee Numbers of their Brethren wanting Food, Raiment, and Knowledge; innocent Children of happy Labourers, by whoſe Sweat they partook of infinite Bleſſings; without even attempting to remove ſo great an Evil, ſuch a miracalous INJUSTICE from Society. None to ſtep forward, to cry aloud and ſpare not; to paint horrid Truths, of which the following Verſe, ſung at the Foundling-Hoſpital, is a ſad Picture, at which every Chriſtian ſhould tremble.

"The helpleſs Babe, by Hunger preſt,
"Clings to the famiſh'd Mother's Breaſt;
"In vain it ev'ry Effort tries;
"Life's Fountains yield it no Supplies."

Ought this to be? Cannot ſuch a monſtrous Evil be removed? Happy Evils would ſtill abound, to open the Soul to Love and Charity. O Chriſtian! give of thy Abundance; give largely to the Foundling, and to all Inſtitutions for rearing Children to Induſtry; 'till the Legiſlature may compel every Pariſh to be ſo juſt.

You may hear further from ONE who dare not hide his TALENT—of no Sect or Party, who holds his Creator's Ten ſhort Commands as ſacred and authentic; and who hopes to prove an humble and grateful

CHRISTIAN.

TO THE

LADIES of KENSINGTON PARISH.

28th July, 1783.

THOUGH the Good I ſeek is only local, and very trifling compared with what ought to be done by the Legiſlature at large, I cannot, muſt not longer hide my Talent, even ſhould you diſcover my Name. My Love for you, but more for the worthy Labourer, influence me to pray and beg you will think of increaſing your Luxury in this moſt heavenly Pariſh. An Heaven it would be, if there was not one idle, dirty Child in it! You can partly make it ſo, by dedicating only one Evening in a Week, and a very Trifle from Plenty (amazing Plenty!) to the juſt Calls of thoſe, on whoſe happy Labours you feed. Our partial Charity ſhould not ſatisfy us. We ſhould do *all* the Good we can.

"As much as ye neglect One of theſe little Ones,
"ye neglect ME."

Whom?

Whom? Think. Aſſemble; take *all* the Females from ſix to ten, under your Eye, and ſee them taught to read, and reared to Induſtry. Aſſiſt their Parents at the trifling Expence of Three Pence per Week each Girl. Shew this juſt Example to the Men. You have more Leiſure. Think of a Family, with ſix, ſeven, eight Children or more, their honeſt Parents panting for Bread for them; dropping Sweats of Blood in the happy Taſk! O think! if poſſible, be ſuch Mothers, and feel the Joy of any Relief for your lovely Babes; for your labouring Huſband! Eaſe them; eaſe yourſelves of the heavy Burden. Think, and attempt to be juſt. Be not aſhamed of even Singularity in ſuch a Cauſe. Take all who offer, whether Pariſhioners or not. The Fund cannot fail. The Widow's Cruiſe is a real Truth.

WHO will begin? A wond'rous Beauty and a happy Mother might aſſemble a few of her Friends. The Flame would ſpread to every Quarter, where Committees might meet, viſit, and report to the General Aſſembly. What an heavenly Meeting! where no Conteſt could ariſe, as *all* the Girls from ſix to ten were to partake of this juſt Benefit. What an Encouragement to their induſtrious Parents! They would be eaſily perſuaded to attend Divine Service in ſober clean Order. I can only ſubjoin an Addreſs, ſo long thought of as *March* 1781, (O what a bad Steward I have been!) with the beſt Wiſhes of an happy, who earneſtly prays to be

An Obedient and Grateful,

CHRISTIAN.

P. S. of *July* 3, 1784. What Bleſſings thro' Jeſus Chriſt! thro' *His* Love, ſince 1781!

TO THE

INHABITANTS of KENSINGTON PARISH.

Sunday, March 4th, 1781.

TO do Good, to attempt it, can be no Abuſe of this Day. Who better qualified than the Poſſeſſor of Love? Gratitude muſt ſpeak. With Humility, I will beg of you to hear an unknown Friend to Man. I will be as conciſe as poſſible. Think with me, ye Rich. The poor Widow was rich. All may enjoy the bleſſed Repaſt. Children! what Bleſſings! On *Sunday* their Cauſe will be ably pleaded. Should this bring more Auditors, and extend the Fund, my Idea is fully anſwered by this ſhort Addreſs.

CHILDREN are young Plants, to be formed to Virtue and Induſtry, by the Force of Habit and Precept. What a Pity that any ſhould be left to grow without! Since it muſt be the Lot of ſo many, and that Charity muſt be partial, exert ſuch a noble Privilege; expand it, by doing what a Chriſtian can. Increaſe your Bounty; increaſe their Numbers. O my Friends, enjoy ſuch Luxury. Think of them, ye who poſſeſs Children, ye who poſſeſs none, or may hope for this Bleſſing. O think of one dear Prattler crying for Bread, in Dirt, growing up to Vice and Wretchedneſs, complaining (juſtly complaining!), envying you, coveting idle Bread, and blaſpheming God and their Maker as unjuſt, though he has ſo bountifully provided for all. Think of thoſe Innocents; reſcue them from Want, from Vice. At what Expence? A Trifle of Self-Denial; a Mortification (if ſuch Luxury can be ſtiled ſo) of a little Pleaſure, perhaps a little of the neceſſary, and uſeful; if ſo, thy Joy muſt be as full as the Widow's, who gave her Mite. There is ſcarce a Tradeſman, a Shopkeeper, who may not give a Little. Let each think, was he bleſſed with one more Child, he would gladly ſpare it Bread. Let the Childleſs, or thoſe who have but One, conſider what they might have ſpared. Though late, it is not too late to think of the Poor. Do not give up this Bleſſing wholly to the Rich. Let me touch on this Charity; how it excels, and almoſt prevents others. Induſtry promotes Health and Competence. Education produces Induſtry. Were the Children of the Poor the Children of each Pariſh, we might be too happy; but let us approach ſuch a State as near as we can. Think of CHRIST; His Legacy to Man. Love; all powerful Love! the Source of Charity and all true Joys. May the dear Children be benefited by this new Mode of Application! Pride may have produced it, but Good ſhould not be ſuppreſſed by our Frailty.

TO THE

COMMITTEE for conducting the FREE PRESS.

DUBLIN, *7th October*, 1783.

I AM diſtreſſed to ſee in this *now* happy land of Liberty, ſo much Injuſtice to our labouring Brethren. Rouſe, and endeavour to be *juſt*. Promote Induſtry in the firſt Inſtance, baniſh Drones and Beggars from every Pariſh. O that a GRATTAN, or a FLOOD, a WESLEY, or an O'LEARY, would plead for ſuch Juſtice, ſuch Civi-

Civilization, ſuch glorious Liberty, as not to permit the nauſeous Bread of Idleneſs to be eat! The Legiſlature could eaſily effect this: But, muſt my Fellow-Chriſtians die for Want before Parliament meets? O Horror of Horrors! Rouſe, let every Pariſh form into Societies, and raiſe a Fund to give *inſtant* Relief. The Rich Pariſhes will aſſiſt the poor Ones from a central Fund under the Chief Magiſtrate, or the Clergy, who may have more Leiſure to digeſt and examine the beſt Modes for true Diſtreſs to be relieved. I humbly propoſe, that a Table for Forty or Fifty be provided in every Pariſh; where thoſe who really want may reſort to at Twelve o'Clock, for a juſt Share of immenſe Bounties. O ye Rich, ye Defenders of Liberty, I feel for you too! endeavour to be *juſt*, and enjoy the Bleſſing pure, then you will be temperate, yet ſteady in the Purſuit. Let each Pariſh call a Veſtry directly, that the principal Houſeholders may go from Houſe to Houſe and collect largely for this juſt Purpoſe. 'Till this is effected, no humane Chriſtian ſhould enjoy their ſweet Fire-ſide, their lovely Children with Pleaſure or Gratitude. Can we be truly grateful without juſt Love? Think, O think! and there may not be an hungry, dirty Brother. The Time may come, when *All* the Children of the happy Labourer may be reared by public Authority to Induſtry and Religion.

I FURTHER humbly propoſe, that no Money be given to an unknown Beggar. It is a miſtaken Charity productive of great Evils.

A CHRISTIAN.

Sent to the Rt. Hon. LORD MAYOR.

TULLAMORE, 28*th October*, 1783.

SIR,

TO civilize the Labourer, to give him *enough* in Cleanlineſs of immenſe Bounties from honeſt Induſtry, and to love him as a moſt uſeful Brother, I believe no Chriſtian can deny to be juſt.

THE Taſk is not difficult, no Utopian Scheme, tho' the Legiſlature has neglected ſuch Juſtice. I wiſh you would ſhew an Example to your Neighbours, which would increaſe your Fortune; for Money could not be laid to greater Advantage, putting Love out of the Queſtion. Build only Ten Cabins, and furniſh them with proper Utenſils; ſet them at a reaſonable Rent, to Labourers neceſſary for your Farm. Hold out an Encouragement to the moſt induſtrious and ſaving, by leſſening the Rent as you found each poſſeſſing more Neceſſaries or decent Cloathing. You might draw out a few Articles to be obſerved by each Tenant, which, as they would all tend to their Good, could be no Infringement on the Liberty of Iriſhmen. It is true, they would voluntarily become Debtors on ſtipulated Terms, which Induſtry might relieve them from.

I BEG leave to ſubmit my Idea of a few Rules for the Tenants to obſerve.

I. To attend Maſs or Church on Sundays.

II. To repeat the Lord's Prayer on riſing to happy Labour, and going to ſweet Reſt.

III. To have no one idle Day, except innocent Recreation on a Sunday after Divine Service, Chriſtmas-Day, Good-Friday, Eaſter and Aſcenſion-Days, as grateful Memorials of the vaſt Benefits of Chriſtianity *.

IV. To go to no Ale-Houſe, but to love and enjoy their Families and Neighbours at Home.

V. To dreſs their Children uniformly, even without Shoes and Stockings; as a hardy Life may produce more Health and Strength.

VI. *All* the Children to be taught to read the Lord's Prayer, Creed, Ten Commandments, and Pſalms of David.

VII. To knit, ſpin, or work Eight Hours each Day, according to the Strength of the Child.

I could add much more, but Dinner waits for a good and grateful Appetite. Should you think of this, you ſhall hear further from

Your ſincere Friend,

To T. BERRY, Eſq. Egliſh Caſtle, Birr.

PHILIPSTOWN, 28*th October*, 1783.

REV. SIR,

KNOWING your Abilities, I earneſtly wiſh you would exert them for the GOOD of the MANY; the Labourer of every Sect. In Time, univerſal Love may produce Juſtice. I ſubmit my Ideas to your Peruſal.

* *How few receive them! yet, how much worſe we ſhould have been without!*

Poſ-

Political and religious Diſputes can tend to little Good, without Love and Juſtice. I know of no Age or Country that attempted to give the Labourer a proper Share of immenſe Bounties. Happy Evils muſt be our Lot; yet we may feed on Love, and allay them where we can. O bleſſed State!

I am, REV. SIR,

Your affectionate humble Servant.

To the Rev. Mr. O'LEARY.

DUBLIN, *1ſt November*, 1783.

REV. SIR,

THAT Evils have abounded in every Age and Country, has been conciſely depicted by Voltaire, without an humble Acquieſcence; ſo very blind did his Wiſdom and Pride make him. O wondrous Man! O great Creator! in what an Heaven are we placed, preparatory to an immortal State! Shall ſuch Worms, ſo ſubject to Vice, dare to complain, or wiſh to unhinge the Divine Harmony? Submit, proud Man. Is it a Crime to wiſh the Labourer Enough in Cleanlineſs from Induſtry? Are we not devouring Monſters? Has ſuch Juſtice been even attempted? Yet, we preſume to feed upon Chriſt's Love, and at HIS Table. We are Men, Sinners; we know not what we do. Read my Thoughts, expatiate with me by Love. It is poſſible, you may exert your Abilities to promote Love and Juſtice. You may forgive blind proud Proteſtants, a Weſley, and forget every Diſtinction in Chriſtianity. Shall we ever unite and receive HIS Love? Impoſſible, without HIS Aid. Our voracious Maws cannot be filled. Of what Uſe is partial Love? Among Myriads to relieve a few? Receive the amazing Talent with humble Gratitude and Joy. O happy Man! feed the hungry, clothe the naked. Find no Fault with thoſe who cannot. Can I gormandize on THY Bounties? *I* muſt diſtribute; they are THINE, not MINE.—My Mouth muſt declare THY Wonders. How can I talk or hear Man on any other Subject? How blind was a F—— this Evening, yet how great! O Omnipotence! Ages might be ſpent in gazing on the tranſporting Harmony ariſing from our Paſſions. Thy Gifts to a NEWTON, a LOCKE, an ABRAHAM! How apparent theſe Truths! but Man will not conſider. We ſhall all know them.—Death will unfold the Scene. A F—— might attempt to do his Duty, without defending his Motives to blind Man.—Happy Evils might lead him to be juſt to his Creator; to plead for Juſtice for Man, to Man; from the Legiſlature; that every Pariſh ſhould rear the Young to Religion and Induſtry, give the Aged *enough* in Cleanlineſs.—This ſurely is poſſible; there can be no Superſtition in this, tho' erring Pride may produce it. There is none Good, no not One. May I be ſenſible of my Weakneſs, and THY Power! O, REV. SIR, aſſiſt me to do Juſtice, to love Mercy, and to walk humbly thro' Life. "HALLOWED BE HIS NAME." Man ſhould be taught and receive ſuch Divine Inſtruction. O why would you break the Third Command by naming Omnipotence in a News-paper, tho' on a Divine Subject? Let us lovingly diſcuſs this Point. Dare I have a Wiſh, it would be, that ALL were united in Chriſtian Love. 'Till then, Cry aloud and ſpare not; ſhew us our Tranſgreſſions.

I HOPE for your candid Thoughts, under the incloſed Covers.

I am with great Reſpect,

REV. SIR, your moſt

Obedient and humble Servant.

To the Rev. Mr. O'LEARY.

DUBLIN, *1ſt November*, 1783.

SIR,

IF a few ſuch Minds as yours would unite, and meet once a Week on a Plan of univerſal Benevolence, you would remove moſt of the Evils from Exiſtence.

I. You would prevent Vice, Drones, and Beggars, by encouraging Induſtry.

II. You would hear the Complaints, ſift into the Truth, and adminiſter Comfort, by Advice, giving or lending, according to your Fund and Exigencies of the Caſe.

A Committee in every Pariſh might ſoon be formed, where every Perſon might apply, and find Relief. An HOUSE of INDUSTRY in each Pariſh, carefully managed, muſt effectually baniſh Beggars and offenſive Objects from our Streets.

Love! all-powerful Love, would ſoon ſpread ſmiling Joy and Cleanlineſs among our labouring Brethren. Set ſuch a Society on Foot; the Taſk is not arduous, nor an Utopian Scheme. Time, ONE Evening in SEVEN, without Expence, would effect much Good. You may hear further from a

CHRISTIAN.

Suppoſe

Suppoſe an ADVERTISEMENT was thus formed.

A SOCIETY IS PROPOSED, TO BE STILED

PROMOTERS of UNIVERSAL LOVE,

WHO are to hear, examine into, and relieve the juſt Wants of ALL our labouring Brethren.

To prevent Vice, remove Drones and Beggars, by encouraging Induſtry, will be their firſt Object.

THEY will meet every Evening for the firſt Month, to eſtabliſh this Plan; and every Sunday after for ever, without any Expence to the Fund of this Society.

ALL Schemes to promote Good will be thankfully received, and Subſcriptions, thro' Meſſrs. LATOUCHE, Bankers.

To Col. BRUEN, M. P.

To the RIGHT HONORABLE and HONORABLE the DELEGATES from the VOLUNTEER CORPS of IRELAND.

IF you will attend to a Friend to Man, on ſuch a Subject as the Worthy Labourer, I humbly beg that you will dedicate a few Minutes (after you have finiſhed the NOBLE CAUSE in Hand) to their Good.

To prevent Vice, by ſuppreſſing Drones, Beggars, and Idleneſs, in your reſpective Counties; particularly in this riſing commercial City.

To encourage the moſt induſtrious, by adding to their Wealth and Comforts, in giving them clean Habitations, &c.

I beg Leave to ſubjoin my Idea of the Means to accompliſh ſuch *Juſtice*, for worthy uſeful Brethren, whoſe Crimes are not their own.

I. BY a Committee of the principal Houſholders of every Pariſh, to meet once a Week, to conſider of, and relieve every *juſt* Complaint.——How?

To build a Workhouſe, and find Employment for thoſe who cannot get Work; to be ſtiled no Place of Puniſhment, or Confinement, but an happy Aſylum for the ſweet Bread of Induſtry.

II. To *ſee* that *all* their Children, from ſix to ten, are reared to Induſtry, to read, and attend Maſs, Church, or any Divine Worſhip in Cleanlineſs. A few ſmall Schools ſupported by Subſcription, or Taxation, would be the beſt Cure; an Antidote to Vice, and but common Juſtice, independent of Humanity and Charity.

III. To addreſs Parliament, praying there *never* may be another *Lottery*. Think of, and paint the horrid Evils they have produced.

Think of the Liberty,

and juſt Wants of the

MANY; ſo wiſhes, ſo prays a

FRIEND.

14*th Nov.* 1783.

SUNDAY, 19*th October*, 1783, *in Birr.*

REV. SIR,

TO be no impertinent proud Adviſer, to find no Fault, but to attempt to uſe my Talent juſtly, is the Cauſe of this Addreſs. A better or more clear Diſcourſe I never heard; yet, Rev. Sir, let me with humble Love paint our Blindneſs, our Injuſtice to Man; to Chriſt! Not ONE Good, no not ONE.—Not One to cry aloud and ſpare not:—To tell us of our Tranſgreſſions. To tell the Rich that they deny Chriſt Bread—A Truth moſt clear.—But, *They know not what they do.* You, good Sir (for I believe you as good as moſt Men), enjoy the vaſt Benefits of Chriſtianity, without ſeeing that Numbers want Bread, Cloathing, Knowledge.—Ought this to be? Ought we to deny the Giver of ALL Bread? We do, in the midſt of boundleſs Plenty, thoughtleſsly devouring too much.

As much as ye give it to One of the leaſt of theſe little Ones, ye give it unto Me.

Think of the Contraſt.—O let us acknowledge our Sins! (I the moſt ſinful, though called upon to paint Truths) Has any Age even attempted to be juſt?—None. Our Nature cannot be juſt.—Shall we ceaſe to do Good, or feed on his Divine Banquet, Love? Forbid it, Gratitude. Spread it abroad; invite ALL to the luxurious Feaſt. Yet, warn them, that it is murderous Man who has been given ſuch wondrous Mercy; that we may receive with humble Awe and enjoy with Temperance, yet never-ceaſing Gratitude. How is ſuch an Exiſtence to be obtained? By Prayer—By Love—Theſe will produce Actions. Pariſhes might be divided into ſmall Diſtricts, and Schools for *Induſtry* and Religion under the Eye of Committees, where *all* the Children of the worthy Labourer

bourer might have Juſtice. Every Sect of Chriſtians might unite and jointly ſay the Lord's Prayer. O bountiful Providence, ALL has been given! Can we ceaſe to give Thanks? Eyes have we, and ſee not; Ears, and hear not.—I humbly bow. In examining our Nature, I cannot exalt myſelf over any Brother. I don't even ſee a partial Charity in this Pariſh, Twenty or Thirty Children uniformly clad, praiſing their Creator, joining in Heavenly Hymns. Can we plead Poverty? Impoſſible. We dare not be ſo unjuſt. ONE could enjoy the Luxury, without denying an Atom of immenſe Bounty to SELF. Do YOU invite; paint our blind State with Love.—Read the 58th Chapter of Iſaiah, and tell us what the true Teſt of a Chriſtian ſhould be.—Flatter none (can Man deſerve Praiſe!)—yet the Rich may be ſoothed and treated reſpectfully. They are Brethren, ſubject to vaſt Temptations, courted by ALL; none to tell them Truths!—They deſerve our Love as well as the moſt diſtreſt Brother; tho' Hunger and Dirt are Calamities, we ſhould not forgive ourſelves for inflicting them, I may ſay, on Chriſtians.

17th November.

I THINK myſelf culpable in delaying this ſo long; tho' I can now ſubmit more Ideas to your Conſideration. Can we act? We have not ſince Iſaiah's Time.—Why ſhould *I* hope for it? O let me ſhew my Gratitude at leaſt, and the Mercies ſhewn to ſuch a Worm! Do I ſeek a Favour or Applauſe from Man?—I may be ſo weak; but, can I be an ungrateful Monſter?—I may. Shall I ſmother ALL, and ſilently adore?—I muſt not hide the choice Talent, LOVE. Have I not taſted thereof?—Can Man add an Iota to my Happineſs?—No, I would ſhun ALL, and turn Hermit, if LOVE for ALL, and a Senſe of my own Unworthineſs, did not prevent. What a Buſineſs about SELF! a Particle in Nature. Self-Love will be predominant. We muſt be ſinful. I will ſtill preſume to pray, and attempt to be an humble and grateful

CHRISTIAN.

Rev. Mr. DOWNES, Birr.

SUNDAY, 22*d Dec.* 1782.

THOUGHT! What doſt thou produce? Pride or Obedience? If I judge from the paſt, the moſt ſweet Humility, Love, Adoration, and ſuch an Obedience (as not to leave a Wiſh or a Deſire in Creation), has been my Lot. What wondrous Harmony and Beauty, from the various Paſſions and ſeeming Ills of Life, have been diſcovered thro' Thought! O for Strength to obey! to ſubmit! to vindicate Omnipotence! Can ſuch Worms dare to heſitate a Moment? No, as ſoon as we can *think*, we muſt ſhrink and hide our proud Heads. An awful Adoration muſt enſue; a chearful Acquieſcence. Can I feel Evils that have produced ſuch Peace, ſuch Health, ſuch wondrous Love, and ſuch Divine Obedience? Yes, I have often felt them. Can I wiſh an Iota to be altered? It would be Blaſphemy. Who would not be a Joſeph? a David? an Abraham? Ceaſe, proud Man, to ſoar, but to adore, and ſilently to contemplate the Wonders in and about you. A Mortal that is to die, poſſeſſing an immortal Spirit, a Soul! True Miracles! How great the Miracle that Man ſhould be proud of earthly Riches, and idle Pre-eminence over his Brother Mortal! that they ſhould not love all! This would be then too great an Heaven. All is right and perfect Harmony. A rich Man cannot comprehend this. Take care, ſoar not, nor find Fault. I don't; I am all Obedience. Who beſtows the happy Bleſſings? Omnipotence; a Creator, whoſe Name is hallowed! who exacts nothing but Obedience; that His Will be done; that we will lay all our Burthens down; to hope and truſt in Him; to know that the Race is not to the Swift, nor the Battle to the Strong; to rejoice in the Lord; to be moderate unto all Men; to be careful for nothing; to pray and ſupplicate with Thankſgiving, reſigning ourſelves to the Creator of Soul and Body. Can Man do this? He may attempt it, humbly and gratefully remembering St. Peter's Strength; that of ourſelves we can do or promiſe nothing. Is this Hypocriſy? Is this Enthuſiaſm? O Lord, Thou knoweſt. I will not attempt to defend myſelf before Thee; yet humbly hoping I may prove acceptable in Thy Sight, notwithſtanding my many Tranſgreſſions. There was a St. Paul: he was a proud Reformer of Man, not knowing Thee. Such plain palpable Proofs! Can't we declare them without hurling our thoughtleſs blind Brethren to Hell and Deſtruction? O Weſley, Weſley! how can *you* be ſo blind? Why not poſſeſs the Love of Chriſt, and pray for them as He did? You may ſtill cry aloud and ſpare not, tell all of their Hypocriſy, and what is truly pleaſing to their Creator. I do wiſh to talk to you on this Head, and ſome other Tenets; not to ſatisfy Doubts, but to promote Love, Juſtice, and univerſal Charity; that we may not be ſo proud as to judge another. O that we could be true Chriſtians! Grateful for ſuch a Pattern of ſweet Harmony! Why wiſh to invert the Order of Nature? Do Good with Love and humble Obedience. O Almighty Father, I thank thee for ſuch a Calm in the midſt of a dire Tempeſt. Storms ſurround us every Hour. Death is at Thy Command. Let me approach Thee. Thou haſt given much. What may Thou not give! I will aſk Thee nothing. O my Children! my Friend! He gave you. He ſpares me to you. Wait on him. Obey Him. Sing eternal Thanks to Him while Health permits. How happy is Man!

Chriſtmas-

Chriſtmas-Day, 1782.

WHAT Miracles Man is ſuffered to hear and contemplate on! How harmonious they would appear, could we diveſt ourſelves of impertinent, curious Pride! We would adore the Giver of ſo much Wiſdom and Knowledge, without coveting more. All is poſſible. To me, the Wonders celebrated on this Day are manifeſt Truths; conceiving the Power of Omnipotence to be boundleſs, tho' incomprehenſible to Man. What has been withheld from a moderate humble Man? Nothing. If we will not give up our Pride (the known Cauſe of great Evils), we muſt err, as our Fathers did. The Wiſdom of the Wiſe (without Love and Obedience) is perfect Fooliſhneſs. An HUME, with his vaſt mental Powers, was a weak Being. To reject what Reaſon cannot comprehend is ſurely ſetting Bounds to Omnipotence. What Blaſphemy in a mortal Worm! O how infinite are thy Gifts! How miraculous to know ſo much! I can ſcarce conceive more to be given; or that they could be given in a better Mode to conſtitute more Harmony. That Evils do exiſt, all muſt allow; that they ought to be, none dare to be the Creator of a Creator, as to find Fault. O yes, there are many ſuch thoughtleſs Monſters: Men who know not what they do or ſay. Why? Becauſe they cannot give up their trifling Conſequence. What vaſt Harmony ariſes therefrom! O the Delights of a ſick Bed! of every Evil! To what Joys they awaken us! We can then ſee and hear! We can then love and feel for others! We can then diſcover the amazing Benefit of Chriſt's Bequeſts. Gratitude renews, invigorates the Man: he ſoars into Eternity, and believes all that ſuch miraculous Goodneſs ſaid, did, and promiſed. He accepts of Love, on the Condition given. *Aſk, and you ſhall receive.* He will then pray as He taught; every Sentence being adapted to the Nature of Man. He inſtantly reſigns his Pride and impetuous Will. He enjoys true Liberty under his happy Confinement. He acknowledges a Being, a Father, a Creator, whoſe Name ſhould be hallowed, not profaned, even in Prayer by Man. He ſteadily watches and endeavours to obey His Will; to forgive others, as he prays to be forgiven. He feels his Nature, his Weakneſs; that nothing can defend him from Temptation, from Evil, but his Father, and that by Prayer. He will be grateful for ſuch paternal Examples as St. Peter's Weakneſs, as David's Reconciliation on Repentance. O happy Man! Nothing has been withheld from us. O my Children, my lovely Boy of ten, tho' full of Paſſion (on ſuch a Day too!*). You may live to be grateful for ſuch Paſſions. You may repent. What Divine Harmony in the mighty Whole! This Day produced all: Tho' incomprehenſible, amazing Rapture! How eaſy to comprehend His Power! Be ſilent, O my Soul.

Before I formed thee in the Belly I knew thee, and before thou cameſt forth out of the Womb I ſanctified thee, and I ordained thee a Prophet unto the Nations.

Believe and bow. All Nature muſt acknowledge a Creator. Pride obſtructs the View, or all would love and lead his Brother to adore and ſubmit; would give a Share of His Bounties, to Soul as well as Body. Can I aſk a Bleſſing? Can I pray but as Chriſt taught? Can I have any Will? Can my Wiſdom avail? *Pray and obey.* I am all Reſignation. A ſweet Content and Gratitude ſurrounds me. O wondrous Giver! Think: Think thereon betimes in the Morning: Thro' every Scene. Think with me, my Friend, my beloved fair One. O think with me, and let us adore Providence for this Heaven, and His innumerable Gifts.

* His Birth-Day.

THOUGHT

ON THE

EXTREME MISERY of the *IRISH* POOR;

PRODUCED BY

MIRACULOUS MERCY, thro' JESUS CHRIST, JULY 4, 1784.

AN

HUMBLE ATTEMPT

TO

PROMOTE INDUSTRY

AND

PREVENT VICE.